

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor

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3 "	1.50	2.25	3.00	3.75	4.50	5.25	6.00	6.75	7.50	8.25
4 "	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00
5 "	2.50	3.75	5.00	6.25	7.50	8.75	10.00	11.25	12.50	13.75
6 "	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50	9.00	10.50	12.00	13.50	15.00	16.50
7 "	3.50	5.25	7.00	8.75	10.50	12.25	14.00	15.75	17.50	19.25
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Fresh Scissorings.

—Laps of time—Old coat tails.

—Behind time—The back of a clock.

—A good thing to be made of—Mail of honor.

—Better slip with the foot than the tongue.

—There's no cement will mend a broken promise.

—The cheapest wine you can drink—Other people's.

—Beware of people who get up too early in the morning!

—What fruit is the most visionary?—The apple of the eye.

—It is not falling into the water, but lying in it that drowns.

—A secret is too little for one, enough for two, and too much for three.

—If speech is silver and silence gold, how much is a dumb man worth?

—Why was Herod's wife like the Fenians? Because she had a head centre.

—A newspaper is the only instrument which can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment.

—If you have a good sister, love and cherish her with all your heart. If you have none, why then love the sister of some other man.

—Intemperance begets idleness, wastes substance, and promotes decay. If fills our prisons with convicts, homes with wretchedness, and the grave with victims.

—A Western man set fire to the prairie for fun, but after he had run seven miles and climbed a tree with his pants about all burned off, he concluded the sport was a little too violent exercise to be indulged in oftener than once in a lifetime.

—A story is told of the daughter of a prominent person, now in the lecture field, which is peculiarly suggestive of unconscious wisdom. A gentleman was invited to the lecturer's house to tea. Immediately on being seated at the table, the little girl astonished the family circle and the guest by the abrupt question, "Where's your wife?" Now the gentleman, having been recently separated from the partner of his life, was so completely taken by surprise that he stammered forth the truth, "I don't know." "Don't know," replied the enfant terrible. "Why don't you know?" Finding the child persisted in her interrogatories despite the mild reproach of her parents, he concluded to make a clean breast of the matter, have it over at once. So he said, with a calmness which was the result of a volley of inward repetitions: "Well, we can't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we had better not." He stifled a groan as the child began again, and darted an exasperated look at her parents. But the little torment would not be quieted till she exclaimed, "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out as pa and ma do?" "Vengeance is mine," laughingly retorted the visitor, after "pa" and "ma" had exchanged looks of holy horror, followed by the inevitable laugh.

Married in Mid Air.

The Cincinnati Commercial has an account of the balloon wedding over that city on Monday, in which Mr. Charles M. Colton and Miss Mary E. Walsh, two attaches of Barnum's Hippodrome, were chiefly interested. The Commercial says:

The balloon was held down by the weight of several of Donaldson's assistants and by a single rope. Beautiful bouquets were fastened to the netting just above the car. The basket was covered with green and white cloth, festooned with tricolors, and spangled with rosettes. "It was carpeted inside, and the seats and lower ropes were covered with white muslin. Four flags on staffs protruded from the basket, the American ensigns keeping company with green flags embroidered in yellow with Irish harps, the bride wishing to honor the island of her ancestors. Soon after four P. M. the bridal procession came forth from the pavilion, keeping a measured step to Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The band entered the inner ring first, and deployed north of the balloon. The bride and groom headed the procession. The bride, attired in a rich pearl-colored costume, looked pretty, smiling, and entirely composed. The bridegroom looked serious, a little pale, possibly, but resolute. The groomsmen, Mr. W. E. Comp, Mr. Barnum's right-hand man, and Miss Annie Yates, bride-maid, came next. Miss Yates was charmingly dressed, and her delicate style of beauty would hardly indicate that she is a very daring equestrienne. These four ascended the miniature stairway leading into the basket, and took their seats. Then the Rev. H. B. Jeffries, an agreeable young clergyman, possessing the coolest quality of courage, stepped in with a smiling countenance. Donaldson, in his best Sunday clothes, was up on the woven wire "lookout" above the bridal quartet. He stung out to press agent Thomas that he too must get abroad. Mr. Thomas may not have expected this, but he was in his holiday attire, with a bouquet in his button-hole. As he made his way into the basket Mr. Barnum stepped up to shake hands with the passengers. The brisk and cleaverly Donaldson emptied a sand-bag or two, shouted to his assistants to let go the last rope, and the balloon, with a very gentle motion, was wafted away, amid the shouts of tens of thousands and enthusiastic waving of hats and handkerchiefs, which was cordially returned from the bridal car. The ascension was in a line which nearer the perpendicular than usual. The lower current of wind blew towards the southwest. Donaldson had expected to be carried in that direction. The clergyman feared a rapid transit to the skies of Kentucky, and in about three minutes after leaving earth proceeded with the marriage ceremony, conducting it, we are informed, very impressively. The Swedenborgians have two marriage services—one for important occasions about an hour in length; the other does not occupy over five minutes. Mr. Jeffries took the short route to wedlock. He made an appropriate address to the couple alluding to their strange situation above the clouds. The responses were made, and of course no ruffianly rival broke in to forbid the bans. A feeling prayer was offered, to which all listened with bowed heads, and then Mr. and Mrs. Colton was presented to their attendants for their congratulations. Mr. Comp, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Donaldson all followed the bridegroom and clergyman in kissing the bride. Then they kissed the bride-maid. The end of the ceremony was signalled to the crowds below by dropping a parachute, which tumbled to the ground in a leisurely way. Upon descending, the bride and groom, bridesmaid and groomsmen were driven to the Cathedral residence, where another marriage was performed by Father Quinn, in accordance with the desire of the bride, who is a Catholic. Archbishop Purcell made a brief address to the couple, and presented to each of them his photograph. The bridal party returned to the Crawford House, where the happy pair received their friends are welcomed them with generous entertainment."

Quick Telegraphing.—Several instances of quick telegraphing have been brought under our notice of late, but the following shows the perfection to which the cable telegraphing service has been brought. A message was sent from New York to London, and in thirty minutes, actual time, the answer was received in New York. Another dispatch was sent to London, to which a reply was received in thirty-five minutes, actual time. In neither of these instances was any special effort made to hurry the answers, but the party addressed sent the reply to the London office by the messenger delivering the original message. In order to fully appreciate this wonderful achievement, we must consider that the distance from New York to the cable station at Heart's Content, N. F., is about 1,300 miles, that of Cape Lookout 2,000 miles, and of the land lines and cable from Valentia to London about 300 more. Each message therefore, was transmitted about 3,000 miles, and passed through the hands of eighteen persons, all told; consequently the message and reply, in each case, passed through the hands of thirty-six persons and traveled over 7,000 miles in thirty to thirty-five minutes. —The Telegraphic Journal.

Anger.

Getting angry never does any good; it always does harm. The generous-hearted may be compassionate and pity, but they never descend so low as to get mad. Anger debases always, unless there is strength of character enough to conceal it; but the misfortune is, the weakest minded are the most passionate.

If a man ever feels himself utterly contemptible, it is when he has been allowed to give expression to his feelings, in the excitement of passion, in the presence of ladies and gentlemen; there is a self-inflicted punishment almost greater than he can bear, and gladly would he hide himself in an angle-hole, if possible, or slide away into the darkest corner.

If you want to "heap coals of fire" on the inner heart of one who is in a tearing passion, and is expressing it in words, just simply say nothing, do nothing; only look at him in silence, and it will almost kill him, for he has a consciousness of the fact that every one who has heard him despises him. No one can ever feel at home with a childish, crusty, ill-mannered person, for there is no reliance to be placed on his moods; he may be in the best possible humor one instant, and the next be literally "raving."

There is an instinctive aversion against having anything to do with passionate people; it is unpleasant to have any business engagements with them. We patronize the cheerful, the good-hearted man—the man who is willing to accommodate, and is ever willing to do a good turn. In a business point of view, the touchy man is always at a disadvantage; passionateness does not invite custom, pays no debts, makes creditors more exacting and less willing to wait. It was pitifully said, three thousand years ago, "Anger dwelleth in the bosom of fools." If you must be angry, simply keep your mouth shut; you will be thankful for it half an hour later, and will certainly feel yourself to be that much of a man.

At Vesuvius.—Charles Warren Stoddard, writing to the San Francisco Chronicle of the crater of Vesuvius, says: "We all stuffed our handkerchiefs into our mouths, held our noses, and stepped up on to the narrow path that is trodden on the very rim of the cone. On one side was a yawning chasm, filled with vapors that I saw nothing; on the other was the precipitous slope of the mountain, down which it was easy to east one's self and slide for two or three hundred feet without much effort. In a few moments we had passed the fiery or smoky orlet, and, coming around the windward side of the cone, we breathed once more the delicious air of the morning. We could now approach the crater with ease and look far down into its hideous maw. The inner walls are thickly coated with sulphur, and a Pompeian fresco is not more brilliant or harmonious than the rich and splendid greens and reds and yellows that there combine to decorate this temple of the furies. Sudden puffs of wind sometimes wafted the great clouds of smoke continually ascending from the pit high over our heads, and the sun charging the sulphurous steams with light, a ghastly glow was thrown for a moment over everything. We heard the commotion of the elements beneath us; it was as though the pit were half filled with fat, frying and sizzling; the air was heavily charged with sulphurous gases; we felt the heat of the very ground we stood on through the soles of our boots; in many places we could not touch our hand to the rocks without blistering it. Close by was a hole in the side, a jutting point of lava, into which often the guides introduced, without the aid of his staff, a large roll of paper, which no sooner touched the spot than it burst into flame; the end of his stick ignited in a few seconds, yet no flames issued from the fiery furnace. The boy brought me a small bit of lava, at which I lighted my cigar."

Dyspepsia.—Dr. Brown-Séquard's method of treating dyspepsia, which he has found successful in the majority of cases during ten years' practice, is on the principle of eating little but often. Take from one to four mouthfuls at once, but eat again in ten, twenty, or thirty minutes. Use nourishing food and drink, as roasted or boiled meats, and especially beef, mutton, eggs, well-baked bread, and milk, with butter and cheese, and a very moderate quantity of vegetables and fruit. Beef tea or milk is recommended instead of water, and the quantity of solid food for one day should not exceed forty ounces. This plan need be pursued but two or three weeks, when return may be had to the ordinary rule of three meals a day. By this method the stomach is gently and steadily occupied but not overloaded.

Up in the Moon.—The interesting suggestion has been made by a writer in Nature that the white telescopic appearance in many parts of the moon's surface, strikingly resembling snow, may, in fact, be a coating of salt on extinct volcanoes of that satellite. The dazzling, snow-white effect, so familiar in the appearance of the lunar mountains, is commented upon, and it is thought that a cleft to this well-known but hitherto unexplained phenomenon, is furnished by some of the more recent eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. In this instant a crust of crystals of salt, very definite, was formed over the entire surface of the lava on cooling, the effect of which, in the sun, being quite similar to the whiteness of some portions of the moon viewed by the telescope.

Winter Fashions.

High and strongly contrasting colors are quite abandoned. There is simplicity in style, but not in quality or ornamentation. The fashions for Winter are appropriate and sensible, yet of exceeding richness and extravagance. The excess in embroidery has reached its climax. It is impossible to be more embroidered, more braided over and sewed over with the glittering of beads in jet and blue steel, and steel gray and white jet, than women are now. After satiety comes reaction; so it is well to recommend ladies not to embroider upon rich material itself. Imported dresses are elaborately trimmed with the jet work applique; the beads are formed into wreaths and other designs upon some stiff material, cut out and then laid upon the silk or velvet, when the style becomes old-fashioned, as it will sooner or later. The applique work is easily ripped off without the fabric having been damaged. Some imported unmade black silk dress patterns are beaded in designs to suit each part of the dress. For instance, the bodice is nearly covered with an intricate design, and this is repeatedly graduated on the back of the waist, the fronts, cuffs, and perhaps a little pocket in the bosom. The made-up black silk and black velvet costumes are trimmed with lengthwise rows of rich jet embroidery, edged with jetted lace, placed on each side of a puffing of bands of velvet. The regular overskirt is in its decadence; in its stead is worn the apron of various lengths and styles. In the embroidery of intricate handiwork one cannot but commend the progress of industry and perfection of manufacturing processes. There have been predictions founded on rumors coming from the gay French capital that simplicity and economy were coming to us, but the decrees of Worth, Rogee, and Pinguet, so rigidly followed by our own modistes, prove that all speculations of that sort are illusory as a dream, and extravagance, richness in all matters of the toilette, artistic tastes, and perfect elegance without ostentation are the signs of the times at present.

St. Nicholas for November.—Offers a greater variety than usual. Among the stories there is the opening of "Tobin," a stirring Russian tale, by G. A. Stephens; a "Trotty" story, by Miss Elizabeth S. Phelps; "The Hidden Treasure," a tale of private life in Florida by S. W. G. Benjamin; a New York Thanksgiving Story, a Coon Story, and an interesting Ghost Story. Then there are practical articles, such as "The Transit of Venus," "How the Cais stopped," "Hunt," an "Easy Sketch," "Venus of Milo," "Legends and Superstitions," by N. S. Dodge; "A Billy Goat Schoolmaster," "The Aard-Vark," with illustrations of this curious animal, and an article on the construction of East India Toys. There are poems by Dr. J. C. Holland, Anna C. Brackett, Mary E. Bradley, and Mary Mayes Dodge. "H. H." tells about the "Anti-Monday Dinner." Alice Williams has a sketch, full of delicate fancy, called "The Marriage of the Gold Pen and the Inkstand," and there are some capital boys' letters from "Dick Hardin at the Sea-side." The illustrations this month deserve special commendation. W. L. Shepard has a spirited frontispiece, and several small pictures. Sol Rydings, Jr., contributes two capital pictures, and Granville Perkins has a beautiful view of a Florida Bayou. Then there are comic pictures by Frank Rees and Major Frederick Chapman; pictures of animals by James C. Beard, Cuckin, and Lochstein; fanciful drawings by Mary A. Lathbury, Jessie Curtis, and E. M. S. Scamell; pictures of Japanese subjects by A. C. Warren; and an excellent picture of the "Venus of Milo," engraved from a photograph taken expressly for this illustration, besides many other miscellaneous pictures.

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